

mother's hand

the child's screams
wake me from an afternoon dream
i see my mother's stiff-boned hand
flung with leaden anger at my waiting face
i see girls with rumpled smiles
eyes abandoned as fishheads
i see bachelors with lips grim as newsprint
eating alone in chinese resturants
the odor of furnished rooms
clinging to their elbows

late lunch in hollywood

grey clouds floating like grease
on the soup of the day
cocaine and the heady smell of urinals
frosted with three o'clock come
thick negro tongue spiced
with sand, sea-salt and iodine
doorknobs, transparent white curtains with flyspecks
a side of roosters
crowing in an empty room
coffee
greek custard
gnats floating in a glass
of flat beer
i roll my shredded heart into a cigarette
light it with a faggot's smile

i like

i don't like nice people
sailboats, national parks
houses with picture windows and
rustic hearths
i like women fucking
scorpions
bikers with fingers
bitten off in bar fights
black pimps in white shoes
white women sucking black cock
mean dudes with knives hidden in their boots
i like the smell of sweat and semen
the funky smell of black cunt
riding on my nose
lesbians and drag queens

pornographers with black fingernails
sitting in the morning sun
winos soiling the green park grass
with yellow vomit
dirty bars with unswept concrete floors
i like the sight of blood
the feel of a broken jaw under my fist
the smell of shit on my fingers
after i wipe my ass
i like old unwashed women
who grub for cigarettes in gutters
the sweet screams of murder
the ecstasy of steel parting flesh
i like fires, earthquakes, the sinking of ships
the exploding of bombs
i like rape, incest
broad-shouldered whores with callouses on their eyes
ladies who drink piss like warm beer
men who wear bullwhips
looped round their hearts
i like the taste of fear in my throat
clear as moonlight
sweet as a rotten lemon

-- Frank Prosak

Venice CA

lecture

I visited your classroom last night
the students were
as usual
but you
your beard grew more red
your eyes
were candles
your feet seldom
reached the floor
myths flew about the room and
Gilgamesh
passed by the window
as you said
"Poetry is my passion"
and fell back
wheezing.

the front row stirred
a little.